

## BUSYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

Roy L. McCardell, Editor.

A Few Words About Our Covers.



THE question "Does the cover sell the magazine or does the magazine sell the cover?" has not been decided as yet. Both our magazine and our cover are sells. Our Jan-pot cover of six months ago was a huckleberry without doubt. Our crazy-quilt cover of a month before was a stroke of genius that stopped over the line of sanity. Despite the success of these, together with that of our stowpaw cover with the caption "The Lid Is On," we feel sure that this month's famous fried egg cover in yellow and white will be or rather is our strongest cover.

In response to many inquiries which we will receive, we desire to say that our fried-egg cover was not made from artificial or near-eggs. It took a dozen strictly fresh eggs to make each cover. As strictly fresh eggs cost a dozen this time of year and our magazine sells for 10 cents, we hardly need say that but for our stupendous advertising patronage, which in this issue crowds out all but half a page of reading matter, we could not have afforded to furnish our readers with Busybody's Magazine and a dozen fried eggs.

How did we make the cover? you will ask. Simplicity! We fried the eggs in our art department, tacked a dozen on each cover and overlaid the eggshells with the words "Busybody's Magazine" in spaghetti.

Our fried-egg cover this month furnishes food for thought indeed! Of course, there are always a few dissenting ones. A newsdealer writes us from Beloit that our fried-egg cover is rotten. But this statement is preposterous. They were strictly fresh eggs. These examples of startling realism in covers have one drawback. We cannot keep back numbers in stock owing to the pernicious activity of the Board of Health.

We are devising a canned-oyster cover for our September number, and this copy of the magazine will be hermetically sealed. See that your newsdealer furnishes you with the can opener, which we furnish gratis with every copy of the September number.

Our Midsummer Breakfast Food Number will have a cover of platted wheat, warranted to keep in any climate. Serve with fruit, cream or poached egg, and we can truthfully say that our Breakfast Food Midsummer Number will be devoured from cover to cover.

In connection with our edible covers the publishers of Busybody's Magazine ask its readers not to confuse us with Nunsey's Magazine. Mr. Nunsey, proprietor of Nunsey's Magazine, is also the proprietor of a chain of grocery stores. He puts up all his own food products, and this has occasioned many contempments where Nunsey's Magazine went to press. We guarantee against such mistakes so far as Busybody's Magazine is concerned.

Many a customer of the Nunsey grocery stores has opened a can of corn, only to find it contains a half-tone portrait of a footlights favorite and the far end of a serial story. On the other hand, readers of Nunsey's Magazine have incautiously cut the edges of the opening pages, only to find a mass of boneless bacon or a pound of pressed prunes neatly wrapped within. We guarantee against such mistakes so far as Busybody's Magazine is concerned.

## Literary Contents for May.

Owing to the pressure on our advertising columns we are obliged to omit Mr. Russell's stirring story "Soldiering for the Common Good" and Mr. Slawson's exposure of the Peanut Trust. If you want to know how the Peanut Trust is robbing you wait till our next issue. Owing to this we have against patent medicines, Mr. Slawson will not give the formula of his remedy, as he intended. Meanwhile the things and lifelines of the System are spending the millions of the people in the savings banks simply to discredit Mr. Slawson. He predicts a panic, but, like as not, there will be none, as the System is directing its every energy to prevent it, although a panic would be a splendid thing.

## HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by Nixola Greeley Smith

## AN OLD LADY ON MATRIMONY.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Dear Miss Greeley-Smith: It makes me smile to see you side with the poor persecuted men. For my part, I feel a great deal for Mrs. Nagg says is too true, although it is written for a joke on women. Of course a great deal of it is overdrawn. I am an old woman, have been married forty years, but have never found the men such angels. I think the best way to have that idea out of young women is to marry one of them.

My dear lady, far be it from me to commend to any young woman the loss of her ideals at such a price. But why not let us gather our rosaries of illusion while we may? The danger is always that losing our illusions about others we maintain them about ourselves; that having realized that men are not angels we still cherish the belief that women are.

Undoubtedly you know a great deal more about men than I do. Perhaps every married woman does. But it's only the person on the fence that can see both sides, you know.

Marriage, as I have viewed it from the coward's vantage ground of the fence, is a state of rows and raptures. If you care enough for the raptures to endure the rows you call yourself happy; if you don't, you believe you're miserable. Everything depends on the proportion in which the two it's blended.

A great deal of what Mrs. Nagg says is too true. But what good does it do to say it? Men are as they have been and will be to the end of time. And we have to take them or leave them that way.

The trouble lies in the fact that we are not willing to do either. Men are delightful companions, charming lovers. They are not, from our point of view, ideal husbands. If we live unmarried to years of discretion we learn to take them for what they are without walling over what they might be and never will be.

Any woman who, in the face of the present day facilities for rapid-transit matrimony, has remained married forty years cannot have much in common with Mrs. Nagg. She must be amiable and long suffering, and I don't wonder she thinks men are not angels. But would they match the woman if they were?

Men and women look at life from entirely different eyes. The only thing that can reconcile their points of view is a permanent, deep love for each other.

The differences of husband and wife to the enlightened onlooker seldom present an unkind issue of right or wrong. He doesn't see the husband's halo, but neither does the wife show any sign of sprouting wings. If he says so he catches it all around the domestic circle, both deeming themselves misjudged.

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Bad Breath.

Distilled water, three pints. Rinse the mouth with the above. Dilute for use in proportion of half wash and half water. Use after each meal and at any time required.

**A Depilatory.** S. A. I would not advise any heres measures. Just get a good depilatory from a drug store and apply it yourself. The hair will come off easily.

**To Stain the Lashes.** E. C. S.—No eyelash or eyebrow stain will last longer than a week or ten days. A specialist may give you something that will prove more lasting, but in no case longer than two or three weeks.

## THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



## HOT GROUNDERS BY BARNES.

There's a current little phrase. That you're apt to hear these days—Yes, indeed, you're apt to hear it, o'er and o'er—There's the one: "Say, how's the Street?" And: "Why can't we have a seat?" But above them echoes loudly: "What's the Score?"

And you're pretty sure to hear: "Do you really love me, dear?" Or: "Is that the tale you've told a hundred more?" But thro' all the summer long, You will hear, as one grand song, This undying lay from Panville: "What's the Score?"

## LITTLE COMEDIES OF SUCCESS

By T. O. McGill



## BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty Letters for their should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office box 1334, New York.

**He Flirts with the Waitress.** Dear Betty: I HAVE been keeping steady company with a young man for the past month. He calls to see me once a week, and on such occasions always brings me a box of candy. He has told me that I have captured the key to his heart, and I told him I had my heart. Last night, when we were standing on the porch, I caught him looking at the housemaid who was standing in the doorway. He said to me, "Do you think it nice of me to do that? I love her very much."

**He Wants His Letters Back.** Dear Betty: O you consider it good policy for a gentleman to ask a lady to return his letters, and if it necessary to make an explanation at the time.

**He Walks Away.** Dear Betty: I AM a young girl in my teens and love to an extreme point a gentleman who is in his twenties. Everybody that sees him likes or even loves him at first sight, because he is so kind and has such loving ways. My cousin and myself love him very dearly. I darsay I love him even more than she does. Not more than a week or so ago one of our parents put an end to all correspondence. When we dined he used to sit down with us, but that has stopped, and ever since this terrible occurrence he is very very cold to us. Just as he is the time of day, and once in a great while makes a small remark which is very dry. No matter what we tell him he will (perhaps) smile and walk away. I have tried to keep up his heart from the time he got down until he went. I have tried in many ways, but can't change him. Please advise me.

## In and Out of the Theatres

EVERYTHING points to an early closing of the theatrical season, and the first of June will doubtless find most of the houses with their shutters up. The failure of the recent productions has caused more than one manager to change his plans in the belief that it is better to leave well enough alone than to attempt to stimulate a waning interest with odds and ends from the road.

The unusually bad crop of spring plays has had a blighting effect upon budding ambition in various quarters, and with the exception of a couple of farces now in preparation, the field will be left to those attractions which have not worn out their welcome. One of these is "Mr. Hopkinson," which promises to run well into the summer at Fields' Theatre. With Dallas Welford again playing Mr. Carter, a strong little beast, "Hoppy" will doubtless weather the first hot wave and add many out-of-town friends to the countless number he has made among regular theatre-goers.

No one seems to know just why the funny little English comedian came back. An intimate acquaintance offers the explanation that Welford went to the races one day last week to return a wager but sadder man. Others think that his contract, if not his conscience, pricked him, or at least that the Vaudeville Managers' Association took it seriously. At any rate, he is back where he belongs, and if his head is level—there have been rumors of an abnormal swelling—he will stay there and give his reputation a chance to grow. His bolting was a great mistake and a matter of regret to thousands who had grown fond of him. The uninterrupted success of the play proved that "Mr. Hopkinson" could get along without Mr. Welford, but Mr. Welford might have found it decidedly difficult to get along without "Mr. Hopkinson." To give both their due, they get along very much better together.

"Thank you, my little man," said Miss Adams, to which there came a smothered "You're welcome," from the folds of the mother's skirt.

ME, ALIA NASIMOFF, the Russian actress, will appear at a benefit performance for the San Francisco sufferers at the Berkeley Lyceum on Thursday evening. Others to take part in the benefit are Bessie Abbott, Rose La Tour, Topsy Siegrist, Merri Osborne, Robert Jewett and Helen Ashley.

WILLIAM H. CRANE, in "The American Lord," at the Hudson Theatre, will terminate his engagement on Saturday evening and sail for London to consult with Charles Frohman regarding his play for next season. On Monday Robert Lorraine returns to the Hudson for a limited engagement in "Man and Superman," which was withdrawn in the height of its success to fill contracts made for Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. CHARLES DARTON.

## LETTERS from the PEOPLE ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

**What Did He Lose?** To the Editor of The Evening World: A man collects 40 cents for his employer, receiving in payment a \$5 gold piece. He gives back \$4.60 in change. He then finds that the \$5 is a counterfeit and puts \$5 from his own pocket into the collection in order to make good, himself keeping the \$5 gold piece. How much is the man out of pocket by the transaction? SAMUEL J. WILLIAMSBURG Bridge Crush.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I would like to ask the bridge people why they don't do something to relieve the crush at the Delancey street side of the Williamsburg Bridge. I hear it has been promised, but as yet there has nothing been done. Q.

**Cable Foot of Gold.** To the Editor of The Evening World: Here are questions for your readers. What is the weight of one cubic foot of gold? I have asked many this same question and have received answers ranging from 70 to 1300 pounds. Also what metal has the greatest weight? EDWIN E. M.

**Suggests Another Benefit.** To the Editor of The Evening World: The benefits held in this city for the aid of San Francisco sufferers are splendid charities. I approve of them. Would also suggest that while this feeling of charity is still strong in us we hold a benefit for those in our own city who are homeless and destitute. What do you think, readers? E. H. R.

**Staten Island Drivers.** To the Editor of The Evening World: Why is it that drivers in the Bureau of Street-Cleaning in Richmond Borough do not receive more money? Their toll is hard and strenuous. They keep the air pure. I've come to learn that the majority of them have large families to maintain. And \$20 per year is not enough. TAXPAYER.

**A Chance for Comparison.** To the Editor of The Evening World: I wish practical politicians would discuss these points: Which makes a greater success as a leader (all other things being equal), a man who is reserved almost to the point of taciturnity with an even temper who when called upon to talk is a good speaker of a man who is a talker with a violent temper and who is not a good platform talker? Also, who was the stronger, Crocker or Murphy, McLaughlin or McCarran? And which of the four was the strongest? Also, what was the secret of his success? PATRICK AND JOHN.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

LINGERIE waists have grown to be perennial favorites and increase in popularity season by season, so that every new variation is certain to be met with a hearty welcome. Here is one that is quite novel; that is exceedingly dainty and dainty, yet which has the great merit of closing at the left of the front. In the illustration it is made of hanesherd lawn, with insertion and medallions of Valenciennes lace, the banding on collar and cuffs being of the material, daintily embroidered by hand. All the lingerie waists are, however, appropriate, and dainty lace is much used, and a close rival of the Valenciennes, both laundering admirably well, while the thin silks and wools also are so made. The lines given to the figure by the arrangement of the trimming at the back are the best possible, while the fact that the waist closes at the front and can be adjusted by the wearer herself without assistance is in itself a commendation. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 2 3/4 yards 21, 2 3/4 yards 27 or 1 7/8 yards 44 inches wide, with 4 3/4 yards of insertion and nine medallions to make as illustrated. Pattern No. 5351 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measurements.

Tucked Shirt Waist with Star Yoke.—Pattern No. 5351.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 2 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.